



# GRANNY KNITS

Uri Orlev

*Translated by*  
Eddy Lewinstein

*Illustrations*  
Ora Eitan



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*Nehru Bal Pustakalaya*

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NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA

One day Granny came to town,  
And took a look around.  
One bag, a cane, that was about all,  
And two knitting needles, and yarn in a ball.

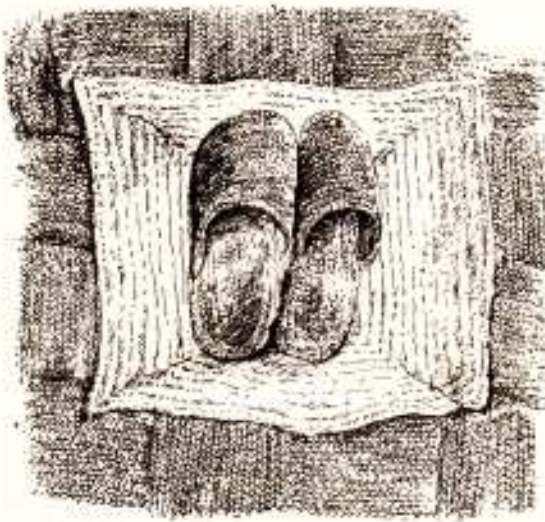






She couldn't put her slippers in the dust,  
"I'll Knit a mat, indeed I must!"  
So Granny knitted herself a rug.  
And kept her slippers neat and snug.

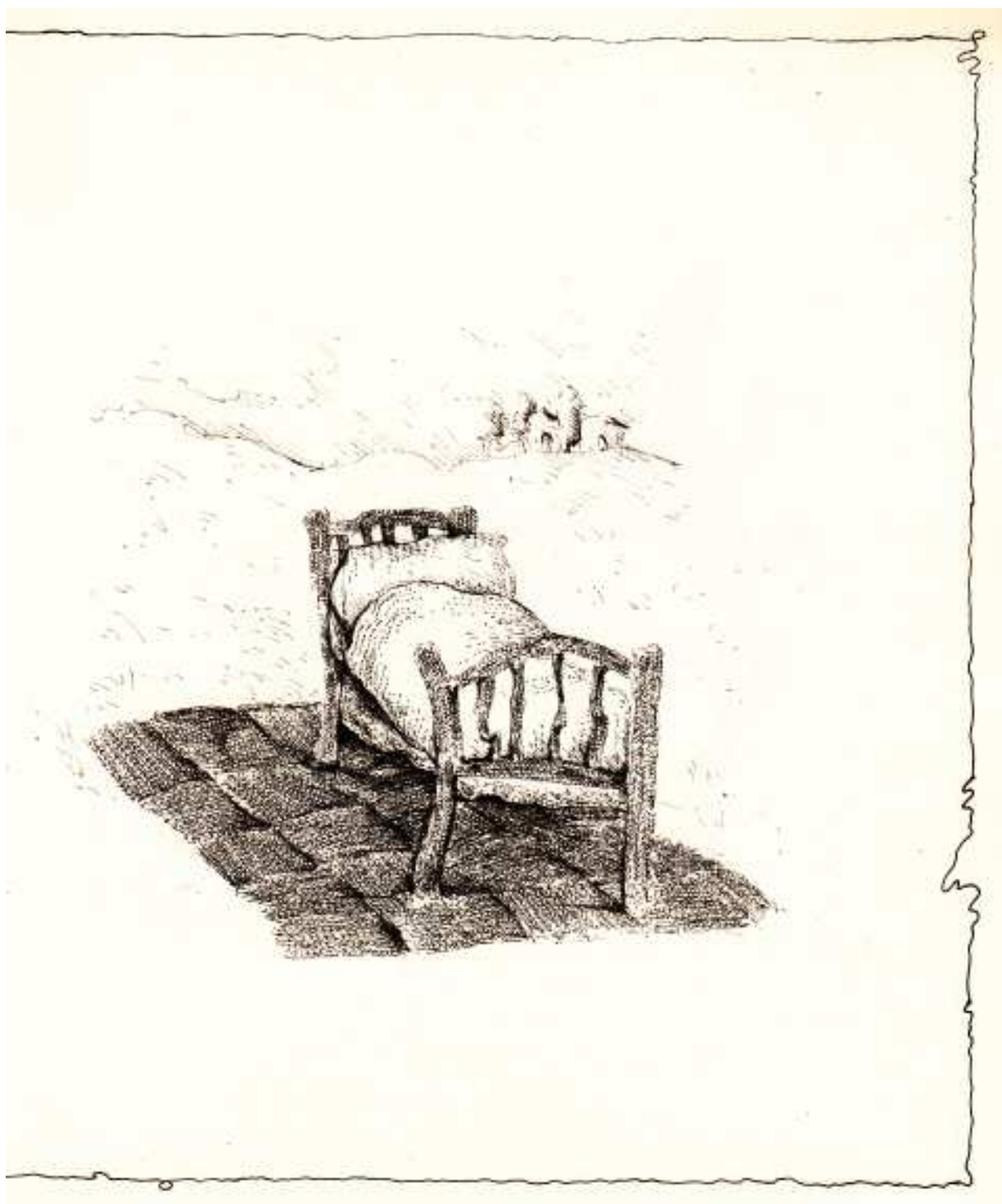


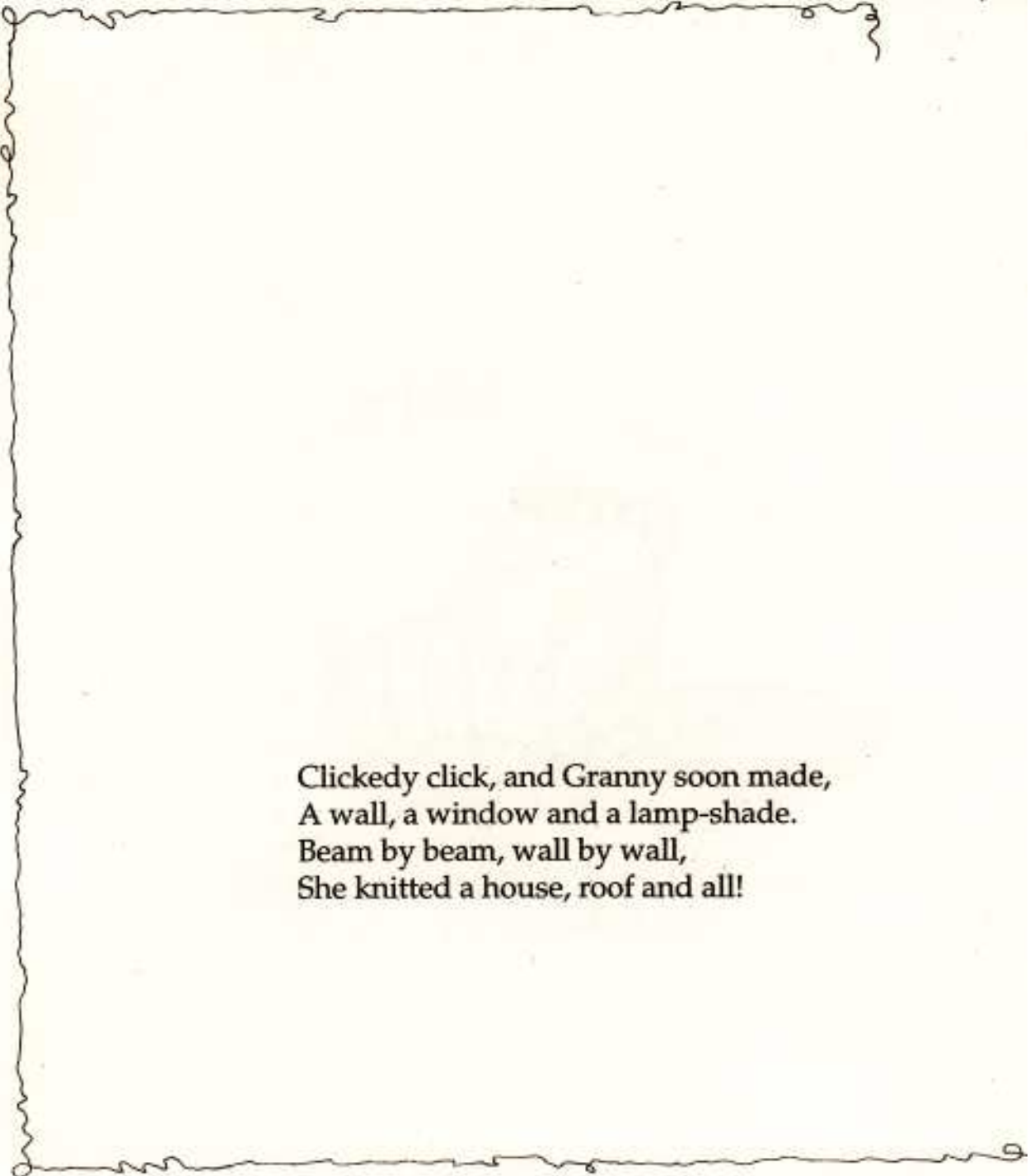


But where could her lovely mat be spread?  
"Not on thorns and weeds," she said.  
So Granny took her needles, clickedy click,  
And knitted a floor, my, she was quick!

"I'll spread the mat on the floor," she said.  
"But where will I lay my head?"  
So she set to work yet again,  
And came up with bed and counterpane.  
A sheet, a mattress and-she almost forgot -  
In the corner, a little pot.  
But she could never sleep, that's for certain,  
Without a window and a curtain!







Clickedy click, and Granny soon made,  
A wall, a window and a lamp-shade.  
Beam by beam, wall by wall,  
She knitted a house, roof and all!



"But how will I ever get up,  
Without some tea in my favourite tea cup?"  
So she knitted a kettle, plates and a cake,  
Then three little cups, she decided to make.

Because she knew that a home is a home,  
Only if you're not all alone.





So Granny again started to knit,  
She knew what she wanted, what would fit,  
A labour of love, a work of art,  
A granddaughter and grandson, both very smart!  
Naughty, sad and funny - what a mixture,  
Full of mischief and cute as a picture!





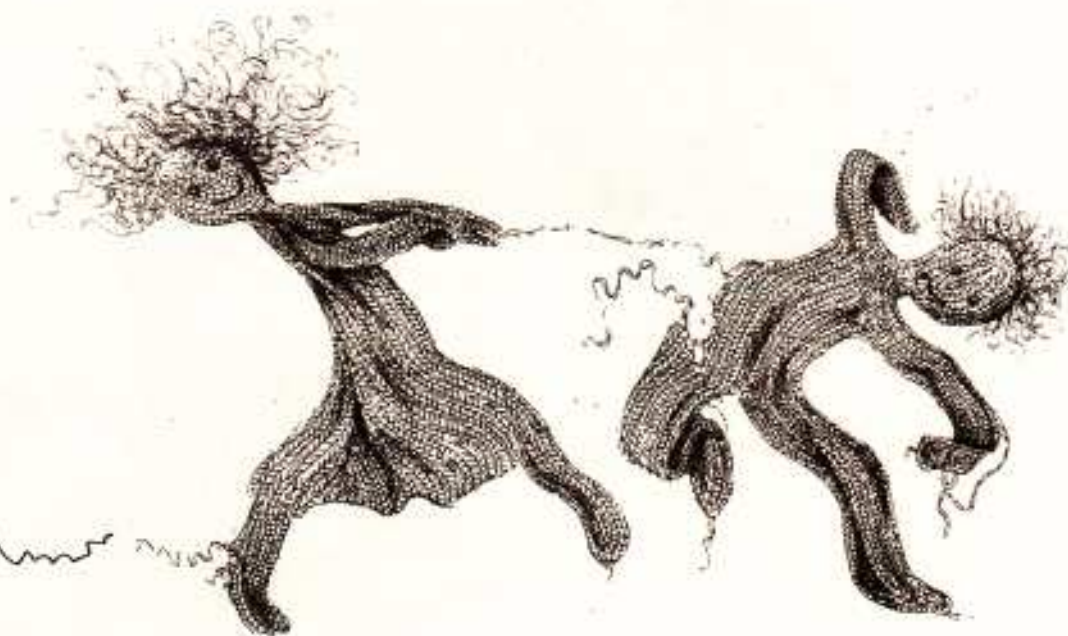




Outside she knitted flowers and greenery,  
Inside - wooden doors and embroidery.  
The children played all sorts of games,  
Like "Freeze" and "Tag", you know the names,  
After knitting a green lawn with a trim,  
She knitted a room filled to the brim.  
Cupboards and shelves, every game, each toy,  
All of it for a happy girl and boy.



The naughty children played for hours,  
Picking threads of the knitted flowers.  
The boy grabbed his sister's right arm,  
And pulled the thread, to her great alarm.  
But then she caught him by the ear,  
and began to unravel his rear!

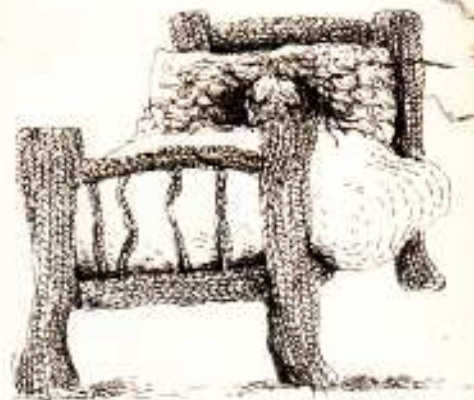






Granny wasn't one to worry,  
She took her needles without much flurry.  
She patched the arm, never mind,  
And knitted the boy a new behind.

With black wool she knitted a winter's night,  
Tucked them in, turned off the light.  
With them cosy in their beds,  
She took out her needles and also her threads.  
She knitted dreams sweet and soft,  
Light as cobwebs, floating aloft.







Next morning, she knitted a book,  
And took them to school, to take a look.  
The teachers, well, they did laugh and scoff,  
"Those kids are knitted, you'd best be off.  
We don't teach children made of wool,  
Take them away, the class is full."



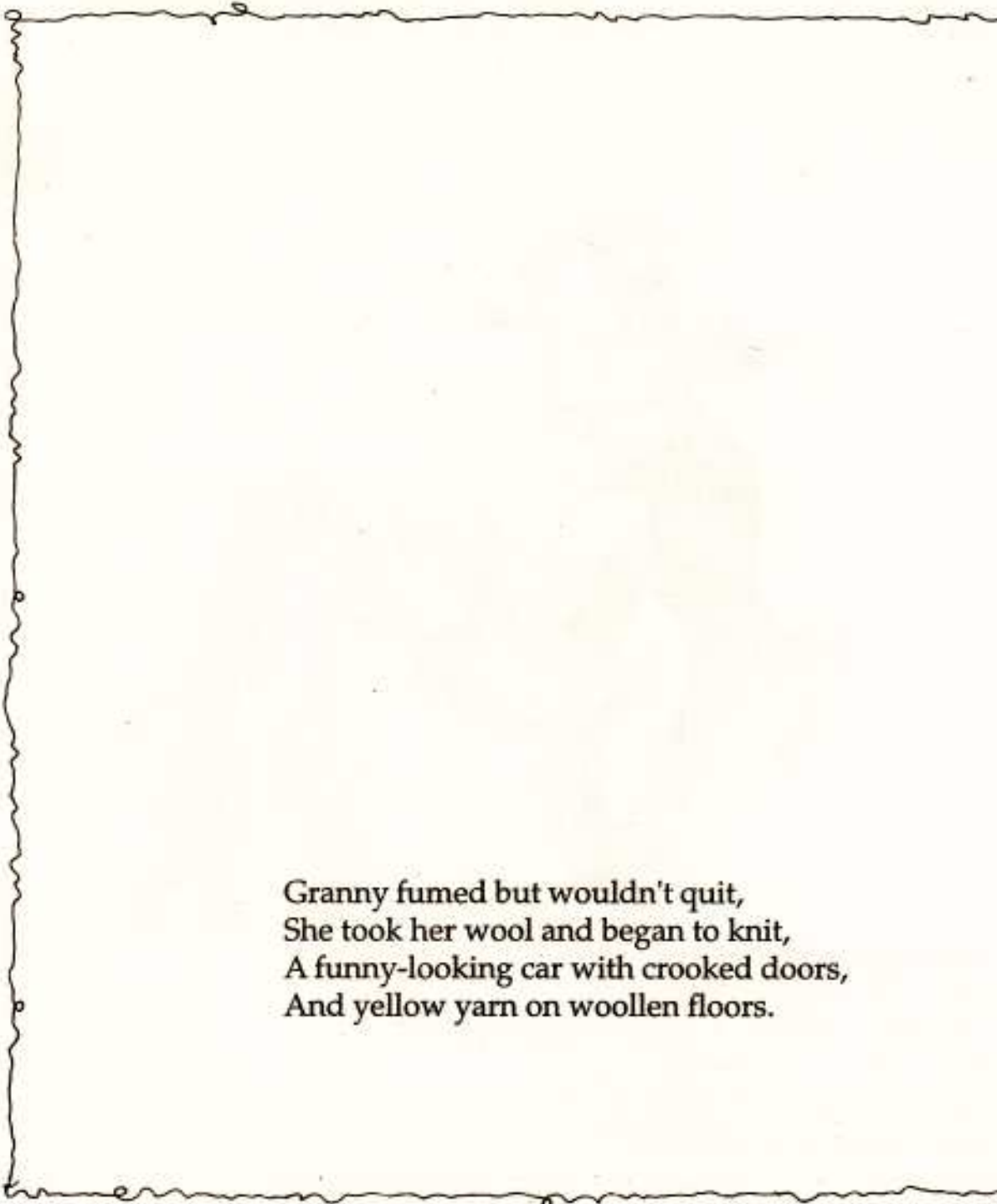


Granny said, "This isn't right,  
They're lovely kids, so very bright.  
Don't be hasty, don't despise them,  
Give them a chance, you'll come to prize them.  
They deserve to be admitted.  
It's not their fault they're knitted."



The teachers probed and tested,  
Just as Granny had suggested.  
Then they sniffed, "Children made of wool?  
In our very own school?  
These kids are hand-knitted,  
This cannot be permitted!?"





Granny fumed but wouldn't quit,  
She took her wool and began to knit,  
A funny-looking car with crooked doors,  
And yellow yarn on woollen floors.





To the mayor's office she set out,  
It wasn't fair, there was no doubt!

The council met to hear the plea,  
But came out with its own decree,  
"In any self-respecting land,  
Knitted children must be banned!"  
They sent a wire to the powers that be,  
and then went out for cake and tea.





Surely this was illegality?  
What a stupid municipality!  
Needles clicked and clicked at length,  
Using wool of double strength,  
Granny knitted a helicopter,  
To meet the president, nothing could stop her!

The president sighed, the cabinet sat,  
The children were asked this and that,  
Children made of wool and purl -  
Can't possibly go to school!  
The mayor and the teachers too,  
They knew the right thing to do!









Suddenly the little town knew fame,  
That town with some silly name.  
Tourists came from near and far,  
To stare at a house so bizarre.

The mayor and the council again debated,  
What a goldmine they had created!  
"Let's make it a protected site,  
and have it guarded day and night."  
They put up fences, they put up rails,  
To guard the flowers and the trails.  
In the whole world you could not find,  
A house so well-designed!





But what good were fences and rail,  
Granny's wrath would prevail!  
Late at night when everyone dreamed,  
She unravelled the house to the last seam.



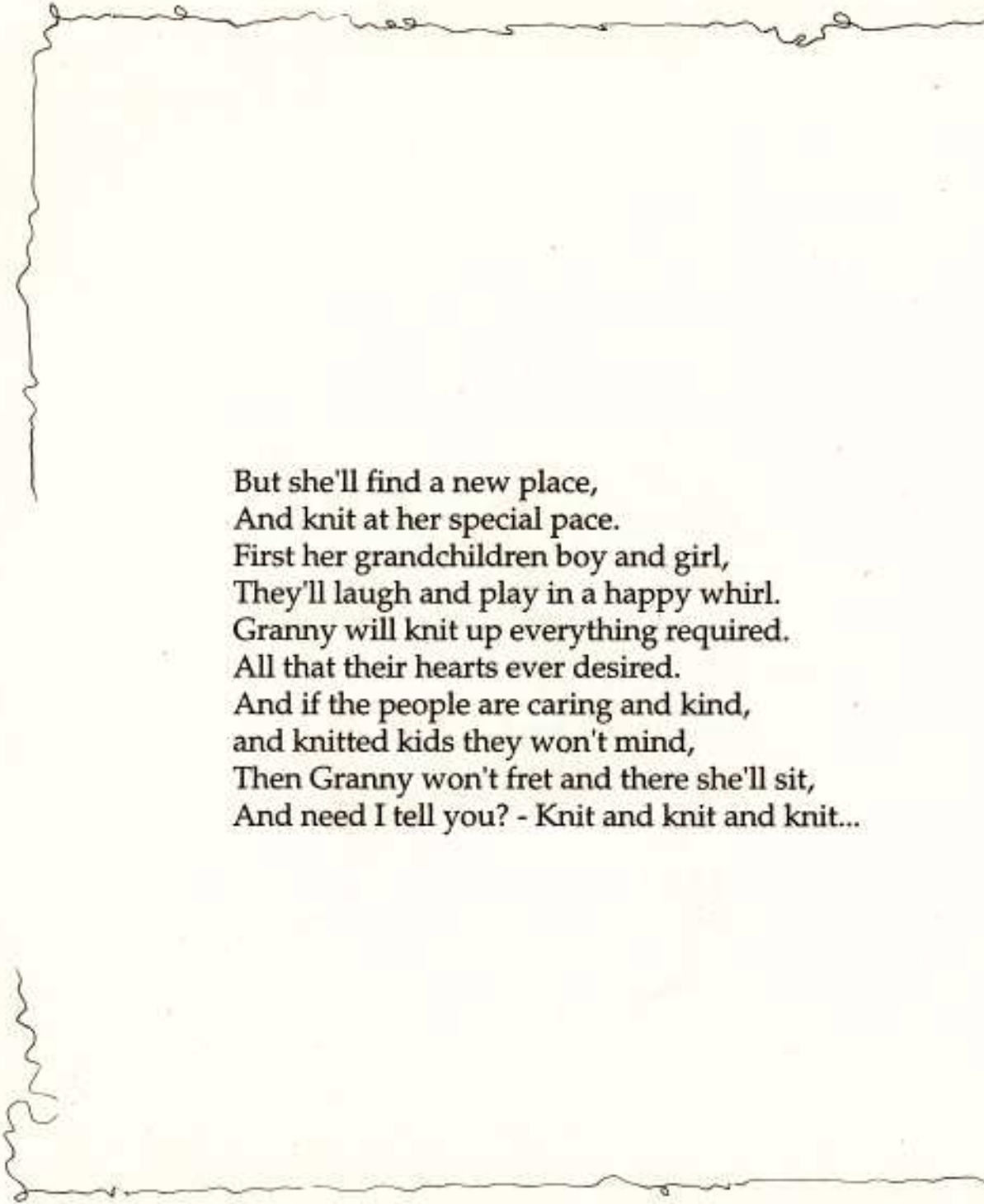


The flowers, the fence and the doors,  
And of course - the woollen floors.  
All unravelled in a snap,  
Nothing left, not even a flap!



Needles clicked at a furious pace,  
Here she'd never again show her face.  
The cakes, the cups, bed and mat,  
All disappeared in no time flat!  
Then, when the house was all done,  
She unravelled granddaughter and grandson,  
She took her needles, wool and cane,  
And was never seen there again!



A hand-drawn decorative border in black ink, consisting of a horizontal line at the top, a horizontal line at the bottom, and a vertical line on the left. The lines are slightly wavy and irregular, with small loops and curls at the corners.

But she'll find a new place,  
And knit at her special pace.  
First her grandchildren boy and girl,  
They'll laugh and play in a happy whirl.  
Granny will knit up everything required,  
All that their hearts ever desired.  
And if the people are caring and kind,  
and knitted kids they won't mind,  
Then Granny won't fret and there she'll sit,  
And need I tell you? - Knit and knit and knit...





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